

Poetry.

AN INDIAN ROMANCE.

In the far Western wilds, were the savages roam,
In a lone, dreary region was an Indian girl's home.
She was loved by her tribe, she had beauty and grace,
She was petted by all, and the pride of her race.

On the calm, placid stream, when all nature was still,
Save the lone, mournful sound of the poor whippoorwill,
Her light, gay canoe, with its silver-tipped oars,
Would be gliding along to the moss-covered shores.

She was wooed by a chief, ever honest and brave,
And heart, which was pure, she to him freely gave;
A handsome couple could nowhere be found,
As they trod hand in hand the forest around.

Why this stir in the wigwams? Why fires so bright
That illumine you sky this dark, gloomy night?
The natives are seen plodding slowly along,
To the sound of gay laughter and loveliest song.

They assemble in state. Each has on a belt
Of wampum. And feathers encircle the brow.
The scene is most joyous; but who has not felt
A misgiving, that oftentimes haunt us, as now.

The bride, with her loved one, has knelt with bowed
head,
To catch the rich blessings that come showering down,
And as the choice perfumes of flowers is shed,
She receives from her husband the shell-bedecked crown.

The marriage is ended, Hark! what means the roar
That resounds through the forests, and strikes the heart
still?

The warwhoop is sounding, the feasting is o'er,
And savage tribes rush in to plunder and kill.

The bride in her beauty, the husband as brave,
Are the first who receive the sharp fatal dart,
And the life-blood that oozes out sends to the grave,
The two that are honored and noble in heart.

M. A. DAVIS.

Tales and Sketches.

THE OTHER SIDE.

NEW TRADES UNION STORY.

BY M. A. FORAN.
Pres. C. I. U.

CHAPTER XXIV.—CONTINUED.

The best, the most potent cure for a troubled mind is work. Many griefs and sorrows are chased away by the action of busy hands. Thwarted love is unquestionably a troubled grief, a keen, sharp-edged misery, that severely tries the endurance of the most stoical soul. It is a caustic pointed misery that eats the heart with teeth of torture, hot as molten steel. Still thwarted or disappointed love will fail to kill the man who plunges boldly, madly into a busy turmoil of mental or physical labor, but with a tender fragile girl, who mopes and pines, even amid oriental splendor, it is different. It is death.

Richard Arbyght worked hard during the day in the shop, and harder still during the evening over books and manuscripts. His hungry soul fed on hope, but there were times when black, melancholy despondency fell upon him, enveloped him in a night of despair from which love and hope had many a hard struggle to extricate him. He believed that Vida would wait for him—Paul had hinted as much, and he determined to prove worthy of the sacrifice he felt she was making—determined to make her a home, if not equal to the one she enjoyed, at least not wholly inferior to it. He did not underrate the magnitude of the undertaking, but for love what will man not undertake and accomplish?

Incurableness or indistructiveness is the test of genuine love. Says Southey:

"Love is indistructible;
Its holy flame forever burneth;
From Heaven it came to Heaven returneth."

Vida Geldamo's love was real, incurable, indistructible, and to the woman whose only work is her own amusement, such love is thwarted is inevitable death. After her father left, on the evening he so peremptorily bade her see Arbyght no more, she went up to Paul, and placed her wet cheek against his shoulder gazed at him piteously, twined her arms gently round his neck, kissed him wondrous sweet, and murmured: "You are so kind, so noble, so good, so like poor mamma; but oh! Paul, I feel as if I would like to die; the world, a short hour ago so bright, is now so gloomy that life for me seems no more," and she nestled close to him as if he was the only hope of her existence.

Next day Vida had a violent headache, which lasted three days, after which her appetite failed her almost entirely, and her cheeks began to grow pale, thin, wan. Her eyes seemed watery windows in an embodied sorrow. The great house became as silent and demure as a nun—no music, no laughter, no gaiety, mirth, or cheerfulness.

The house had lost its soul; Vida moved slowly from one room to another, like a visible spirit, seen but not felt. One evening Paul came home, and told Vida he had called unexpectedly at Arbyght's rooms and found him crying like mad over a small sheet of French note paper. Vida looked at him, a faint, delicate red overspread her pale cheeks, "and would you believe it, Sis," he said archly, "although he hid it away hurriedly, I saw a well known signature; perhaps you would like to know whose it was?" There was a laughing, roguish look in his eye, a provoking smile round his mouth.

"Paul, you ought to be ashamed of yourself," and with a beating heart and glowing face she left the room; but a few minutes

later, while Paul and his father were eating supper, there came from that same room a cheering, glad sound, "music's golden tongue," and so long has lasted again, and mingling with the soft, melodious swell of the notes of the grand piano, Vida's sobbing voice was heard. The father looked pleased. He thought to himself, "the infatuation is wearing away," Paul looked sad and thoughtful; he knew more of the different phases of love than the father whose nature was rigidly prosaic, with no idealism, or anything else that did not taste or smell of gold about him. Paul knew that he was the cause of Vida's present happiness, and although it pleased him to see her happy, still it saddened him, as it showed how deep a hold love had taken on her young soul. A few days slipped by and Vida was worse than before. Mr. Geldamo became alarmed and sent for the family physician, who strangely happened to be none other than Dr. Rauchman. He came, examined her pulse and tongue, looked puzzled, asked a few questions, looked more perplexed than before, made some further inquiries, stood up, strode across the room with a nervous step, came back, looked at Vida critically, and said bluntly:

"There is nothing in the *Materia Medica* that will reach your case."

"I know that Doctor," she answered resignedly.

"Then why send for me?"

"Ask Papa."

"I'll lecture him soundly; there are but few angels on this earth and we cannot afford to lose any of them."

He went straight to the library.

"Mr. Geldamo, your daughter if left alone, or left to physic will die."

"Great Heavens! Doctor you can't mean it?"

"I can mean it: I do mean it."

"What seems to be the matter?"

"Ask yourself, you know better than I do."

"Well, Doctor, you are an old friend, and I will confide in you," and he told him all.

A stormy scene followed. The doctor was a man rough in speech and appearance, but beneath that exterior there beat a heart as gentle, soft and true as ever beat in woman's breast. The father was unyielding, the doctor unsparing in entreaty and condemnation, the father persisted, the doctor insisted, and the upshot was that the doctor left in huff, and next day the father started with Vida to New Orleans.

No lost spirit, condemned in Eblis Halls to roam, by inward fire consumed, e'er woeful tortures suffered, equal to those endured by Richard Arbyght when this news reached him.

CHAPTER XXV.

"Please sir, where does Dr. Rauchman live?"

"Drive on, James," said the haughty Relvason, stepping quickly into his carriage to join his wife and daughters, a contemptuous sneer on his sallow face.

"What is it, papa?" asked a closely muffled figure in a languid voice.

"Oh! some beggar, I dare say," he answered with a shrug, as the carriage rolled away.

It doubtless did not occur to Alvan Relvason that beggars and Dives are inseparable; that where a dozen very rich men are found, five hundred very poor men are found, that great individual fortunes are like oases in a vast, bleak, barren desert of poverty, that great individual wealth is ever produced at the expense of nearly a hundredfold individual greater poverty; and yet such is the case.

A beggar! who made her so?

The only answer to the child's question was a rude push which sent the poor little thing staggering across the side walk, and in endeavoring to recover herself, she slipped and fell. She uttered a sharp cry of pain, got up quickly, but limped sadly as she started to run.

"Hold! little girl, stop," said a manly voice, and Richard Arbyght, turning a corner, close by, came fully into view.

"Are you hurt, child?" he asked kindly.

"A little, sir, but I don't mind it," she answered, looking up and displaying a soiled, smoky, sunken, pinched face, covered with streaks and channels made by her fast flowing tears. She was apparently about eight years of age, was most illly and scantily clad, without cloak, or shawl or stockings; her dress was threadbare, her shoes unworthy the name, an old faded scarf tied round her head. Her feet and hands were very red with cold and her body shivered in melancholy sympathy with the chattering of her teeth.

"Why, child, what could bring you out on such a night as this; where is your home?"

"I'm Cassie Miller, sir; we live on — street; we are very poor, father has had no work for over two months; it is very cold at home, sir, and sometimes we have nothing to eat; little Freddy died last week and there is nobody left but pa and ma and me; the doctor said that little Freddy died of cold and hunger, sir, but he is in heaven now and won't know what it is to go without supper any more, and he won't need any fire up there with the angels. Poor ma has been sick a long, long time, and then little Freddy's death made her worse, and then pa he took to drinking, and talks about killing himself because he can't find work, and when he sees me cry for supper he kisses me and cries too, and then poor ma cries, and pa rushes out of the house and don't come home till near morning, and then he staggers and sleeps on the floor. This evening ma got worse, and Mrs.

Longview says she won't live, and she sent me to fetch the doctor, but he ain't at home, but the doctor's in the office, and I don't know where he lives, and please, sir, won't you tell me where to find him?"

"That I will, my poor child—but hold! what is your number?"

"No. 13, sir."

"Well now, you can run right home, and I will go and fetch the doctor; I won't delay a moment."

"Oh! you are real kind, sir; I will hunt up pa, I know he will come home—he always does when I go for him," and away she ran, her little fretted heart considerably cheered by the kind words and offer of the stranger.

Richard stood and watched the little thing as she sped over the slippery pavement, until her figure mingled with the dim darkness of the distance. He never heard a sad pathetic story as this ingenious child told in tears and sobs, and then her famine stamped features and nondescript apparel touched his heart, appealed to his sympathy, his manhood, and gave to her words a silent but eloquent corroborative confirmation.

The semi-nude child ran on, unmindful of the cold, the biting, snowladen wind that swept with fearful gusts round the corners—on through the great floods of golden light that issued from the glass fronts of stores and shops, on through the deep darkness of lampless streets, on through obstructed alleys, grim and shadowy, on until she came to a little dilapidated, tumble-down wooden building. She approached the door timidly; turned the knob slowly and entered noiselessly. The room was quite small, the ceiling very low and slanting in two or three directions, and thus seemed to correspond with an equal number of dips or deflections in the floor; a short pine plank, one end resting on a cleat nailed to the wall, the other on an empty box served as a sort of counter or bar, behind which stood a red-faced, frowsy, elephantine-looking woman—the foreground of the picture consisting of an old shelf, a few broken cigar boxes, and half a dozen villainous looking bottles, a sick looking dice box and an ugly looking pistol. The room was filled with men worthy of the place; it was also filled with noisome vapors and stifling tobacco smoke. A dirty, smoky chintz screen served as a door to an aperture leading into the back part of the building, where the family of the frowsy elephantine woman lived, physically, (at least they were not dead), but starved morally and intellectually. The rough, boistered talk richly interlarded with horrible oaths and imprecations, ceased quite suddenly as soon as little Cassie entered the room.

She looked around searchingly, turned her little head, rapidly in all directions like a canary in a cage; not seeing her father, she approached the bar and said humbly:

"Please ma'm, has pa been here?"

"I don't know your pa," snarled the woman in a sharp harsh voice.

"It's Miller's daughter," interposed a rough kind voice, in answer to the woman's look of inquiry.

"Oh, ho!" was her only answer, as she gazed with a patronising contemptuous leer at the little waif.

"Your father is at Abaddon Hall, I think," said the man turning to Cassie.

"Is it far?" she asked, looking up, two silent tears ploughing a groove through the dirt on either cheek.

"Well, my little woman, it is a good stretch from here; I don't think you could find it."

"Oh! I must, I must!" she cried despairingly. "Ma is worse, and Mrs. Longview says she won't live but a few hours."

"If that is the case," said the man, "you remain here, and I will run and tell him."

"Will you though?"

"Of course I will and won't be long either," he replied, buttoning up his coat and opening the door.

"A devil of a night," muttered a chorus of voices as a blast of raw, freezing air and snow swept shrieking into the room.

Abaddon Hall was then, and is now, located in the basement of an old wooden building, that rose two stories above the side walk, on the corner of Randolph and Canal streets. The place resembled a slime-pit—it had an execrable appearance, the slimy, humid, nauseous smell of an open grave. The floor was covered with saw dust saturated with liquid, viscid defilements of various kinds; a long row of short, dark tables stretched down one side of the hall like a row of coffins in an undertaker's shop; on the opposite a long, outward slanting bar ran nearly the entire length of the room. This bar was fitted up with all the modern improvements necessary to send a man down the precipitous bank of destruction with rapid velocity—send him smoothly down, keeping time with the ravishing notes of a grand concert piano, mingled with vocal symphony. The hall was well filled with people gathered in knots on the floor, or round the tables, or ranged in single file along the bar. A large number of waiters flitted, hither, thither—seemed everywhere. These waiters were named respectively: Sloth, Idle, Unemployed, Dontwork, Nowork, Wontwork, Cantwork, Waste, Leak, Sucker, Want, Ruin, Despair, Rags, Dirt, Hunger, Cold, Gut-ter, Plunderer, Robber, Delirium, Jail, Poor-house, Asylum, Sickness, Death.

A little bell tinkled at the upper end of the bar, and presently the proprietor, Mr. Apollyon, leaned over and looked at a glass-faced register where a little half-moon shield had dropped, disclosing a number. The proprietor

pulled a bell cord, and a gong in the far end of the hall sounded sharply; directly a small boy came running up to the head of the bar. "No. 11," said Mr. Apollyon, without noticing him. The boy ran down along the bar and at the end turned towards the wall, which seemed to open as he reached it, showing a narrow passage leading to a still narrower staircase; the boy struggled up two flights and then came to a hall into which several rooms appeared to open; he stopped before one and knocked. "Come in," came from the inside. He opened the door and saw three men sitting round a small centre table on which a decanter of brandy and some glasses were placed.

"Send Mr. Apollyon here," said one of the men in a voice of alarming compass.

"And be quick about it," put in another with sharp vehemence, and his eyes bulged out as if they would leave their sockets. The boy left. Mr. Apollyon appeared.

"What can I do for you, gentlemen?"

"Do you know any man," demanded the person with the retreating and advancing eyes, "who is so reduced by want and penury that employment under any conditions would be accepted?"

"I think I do," he replied, after a moment's hesitation. "He was a schoolmate," he continued musingly, "and has always been a believer in temperance and purity and that sort of thing, but lately fortune has refused to smile upon him; he has been out of work since last December, his little boy died the other day and his wife is sick. I think money would be an object to him now. His troubles have already swamped his temperance notions, and I think his other notions of right and wrong would give way to a little judicious reasoning."

"Could you get him here inside of an hour?"

"I will try, Mr. Spindle, and I think I will succeed."

About an hour and a quarter later the door of No. 11 opened again and Tom Miller was shown into the room.

"Gentlemen, this is the man," said Mr. Apollyon bowing obsequiously and smirking out of the room.

(To be continued.)

RACHEL AND AIXA;

OR,

The Hebrew and the Moorish Maidens.

AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL TALE.

CHAPTER XXV.—An Old Friend sent to Prison.

"Nothing more is necessary in these times, captain, to gain siefs and castles," returned Edward; "you are but the son of a Welsh goatherd; you do not reckon captors among the Norman lords nor the barons of Aquitaine, but you have succeeded in rendering your name formidable to the French. You have always served as a good vassal, and I will not abandon you."

"Tom Burdett is not ungrateful, noble sir," replied the captain, "and whatever charge you deign to entrust him with, he will fulfil it conscientiously and devotedly."

"Depend on my word," rejoined the Black Prince, "I will repair all the losses you may have suffered in the wars, but for the present you must wait."

"I have just learnt, your highness," said the princess, "that the governor of the castle intends to ask your permission to return to England, as the climate of this country has undermined his health."

"I am sorry that Barret, a good old knight, can no longer fulfil his duties," replied the prince, "for many prisoners of note are confined in the donjon, and I shall not easily find a man to replace him."

"The charge would probably suit Captain Burdett," continued the princess.

"I think I can answer for being as firm and vigilant as Barret," answered the Late Comer; "I have taken many prisoners in my time, and although I had no stone castle, but merely a canvas tent to keep them in, I have never allowed one to escape without paying ransom."

"Well, be it so. I receive the resignation of Barret, and I appoint you to succeed him. Young man," added he, addressing the page who had introduced the captain, "you will go and announce this to the old governor."

As soon as the tapestry fell again over the door, Burdett cast himself at the feet of the Princess of Wales and respectfully kissed the hem of her robe.

"Sir," said Prince Edward, "I have no need to recommend you to render yourself worthy your situation by vigilance, activity, and constant attention to its duties."

"I have learnt to sleep always with one eye open," remarked Tom Burdett; "and as to prisoners," he added, with fierce and glistening eyes, "I know a good way of subduing their temper and closing their mouths."

"You do not understand me," said the prince, quickly. "Be vigilant, but not cruel; guard your prisoners strictly, but do not drive brave men to despair; to treat men, who must soon regain their liberty, without pity, would be to render them irreconcilable enemies."

"I partake your sentiments, noble prince," said the Late Comer, "so much the more that I myself have just come out of prison."

"Where, then, were you made prisoner, captain?" demanded Edward.

"In Spain," was the reply.

"What! you have just returned from Spain?" exclaimed the Black Prince.

"By your highness," answered Burdett.

"Did you fight there?" continued the prince.

"Whenever I found an opportunity," said Tom.

"And under whose banner?" demanded Edward, with a vivacity that, notwithstanding his boldness, made the Late Comer tremble.

"Under that of Don Enrique," he replied.

"What! of the usurper, the Count of Trastamara," exclaimed the prince, exasperated at the avowal.

"Darest thou, audacious freebooter, to appear again before me, and boast of thy prowess against my ally, Don Pedro!"

"Thou darest come to solicit my favours, after aiding our enemy, Bertrand, to dethrone that unfortunate king! Art thou, then, one of those independent barons who do not acknowledge any sovereign?—one of those insolent, disbanded soldiers who have no country, and sell themselves to whoever can pay them?"

But thou wast wrong to enter the lion's den. Thou hast violated the liege faith thou owest to thy lord; well, mercenary knight, thou hast incurred degradation, and thy golden spurs shall be torn from thee by the hand of the executioner."

"Do not overwhelm this unfortunate knight with your anger," said the princess, in a supplicating voice. "He has only followed the example of Sir Hugh Calverley, and many others, who have hoped to redeem their sins by a crusade against the assassin of Blanche of Bourbon. Is it not strange that you, Edward, who are the most loyal and perfect knight of our time, should so obstinately defend the cause of a prince abandoned by God and man—one whom the Church has driven from its bosom, and whom his people have chased from city to city, on account of his scandalous amours, and his shameful alliances with Jews and Moors?"

"Don Pedro has lost his throne, madam, solely because he would not be the puppet of his barons, and I uphold him. Heaven declared against him, it is true, when his illegitimate brother conquered him with the square wrists and heavy battle-axe of Bertrand, the Broton; we shall see if Heaven will decide for the usurper, when Don Pedro takes his revenge with the lance and sword of Prince Edward."

"I cannot contend against your will, Edward," replied the princess, "but, I entreat you, be less severe to this brave vassal, from whom I have accepted this beautiful Norwegian hawk."

"Your prayer shall be granted," said the prince. "Captain Burdett," he continued, turning to the crest-fallen Late Comer, "you shall not be degraded; but if you wish me to forget your guilt, you must go to the castle, to take to the governor."

"The order to hasten his departure?" asked Tom Burdett, quickly, for he had already begun to hope.

"On the contrary," said Edward, "the order not to depart; and, moreover, to keep you with him three months in the castle."

"But under what title, my lord?" said Burdett.

"As prisoner. By St. Martial!" exclaimed Edward, "do you still think of replacing Barret? The punishment is light by which you are required to expiate the stain on your honour in carrying arms against the ally of your sovereign lord. It will be a lesson for Calverley and his companions," observed Edward.

Tom Burdett bowed profoundly, and retired to go and take possession of his new dwelling. But he had scarcely set his foot in the yard, before his brothers-in-arms, who impatiently waited for him, to his great astonishment loaded him with congratulations.

He was ignorant that the young page charged to convey the message of the prince to the governor of the castle, had mysteriously informed Sir Robert Knowles of the nomination of Burdett; Knowles had immediately whispered it to Sir William Felton, who, in his turn, had confided the secret to Sir John Chandos. Thus, in the course of five minutes, the news so discreetly passed from mouth to mouth, had made the circuit of the courtyard.

"Sir Governor," said Felton, seeing the captain put his foot in the stirrup, "I will not let you depart without testifying my joy at the excellent choice the Prince of Wales has made in you."

"Sir Governor," said Sir Robert Knowles in his turn, approaching with a smile on his lips, "if ever I fall into your hands, remember, I pray you, our former friendship, and put me in a cell with a southern aspect."

Tom Burdett regarded the last speaker askance, and, without answering, spurred his horse.

"Ah, Sir Governor!" resumed Sir Robert, holding his steed by the bridle, "have you already forgotten old friends, and will you not allow them time to congratulate you on your new appointment?"

Saluting all who stood around him with as gay an air as he could assume, Burdett set off at full gallop, at the same moment that a gate, which led to the court of the cloister, opened, and gave a free passage to the Black Prince.

He was mounted on a barbed palfrey, which complaisantly regulated its pace to that of a small mule, richly caparisoned, which the Princess of Wales rode, accompanied by some noble ladies of the duchy. Edward, after saluting the crowd of noblemen that pressed around him, gave the signal to depart.